

COMMON DUST © Xen.

I only make one wish for people young and old: do not waste so much of your time understanding this place, as have countless others before you. One must personally decide that meaning. Until then, my words are moot, non-sense of a prattling old man. Many precede me: Socrates, Leo Tolstoy in his novel, "*Life and death of Ivan Ilyich*," Plato's "*Allegory of the Cave*," and all ancient civilizations now in ruined testament screaming out that *nothing lasts in this world*! Do not waste any opportunity: carpe diem – 'seize the day.' We incarnate mortally from earth then return immortal to it as elemental dust. All mingling about in the wind, in a field, on the floor; that epiphany came the other day while observing dust on a book. The self-important, pompous asses wasting their lives chasing shadows in 'Plato's cave' do not realize that very soon they too will again mingle with the rest of us. Scattered about in complete unknowing of what he or she made of being. Upon deathbed review of his existence, Ivan Ilyich realized that final sting uttered through dying words of his final breath: 'I have lived my life all wrong.' To create brief existence from dust of the dead for it to return where life and death are equivalent remains a mystery; to dust life and death make no difference: they are one. Perchance that is why humans arise from and return to common, elemental, dust.